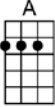
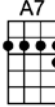
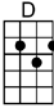
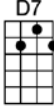
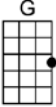

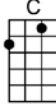
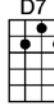



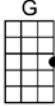
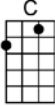
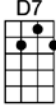
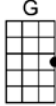
EDDYSTONE LIGHT (BAR)

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro:   /  /  /  //

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light. He slept with a mermaid one fine night.



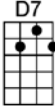

   

From this union there came three: a porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

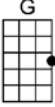
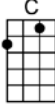
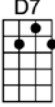
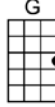
CHORUS:

Yo, ho, ho! And the wind blows free! Oh, for the life on the rolling sea!

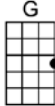

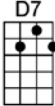
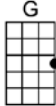
   

Late one night, I was trimming of the glim, while singing a verse from the evening hymn.

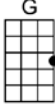
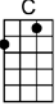
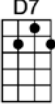
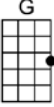
   

A voice from starboard shouted, "Ahoy," and there was me mother sitting on a buoy.

CHORUS

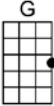
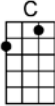
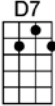

   

"Oh, what has become of my children three?" me mother then she asked of me.


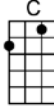
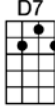

   

"One was exhibited as a talking fish, the other was served on a chafing dish."

CHORUS

Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair, I looked a-gain and me mother wasn't there.

But her voice came echoing out of the night, "To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

CHORUS (X2)

EDDYSTONE LIGHT

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: A A7 / D / D7 / G //

G C D7 G
Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light. He slept with a mermaid one fine night.

G C D7 G
From this union there came three: a porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

CHORUS:

A A7 D D7 G
Yo, ho, ho! And the wind blows free! Oh, for the life on the rolling sea!

G C D7 G
Late one night, I was trimming of the glim, while singing a verse from the evening hymn.

G C D7 G
A voice from starboard shouted, "Ahoy," and there was me mother sitting on a buoy.

CHORUS

G C D7 G
"Oh, what has become of my children three?" me mother then she asked of me.

G C D7 G
"One was exhibited as a talking fish, the other was served on a chafing dish."

CHORUS

G C D7 G
Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair, I looked a-gain and me mother wasn't there.

G C D7 G
But her voice came echoing out of the night, "To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

CHORUS (X2)